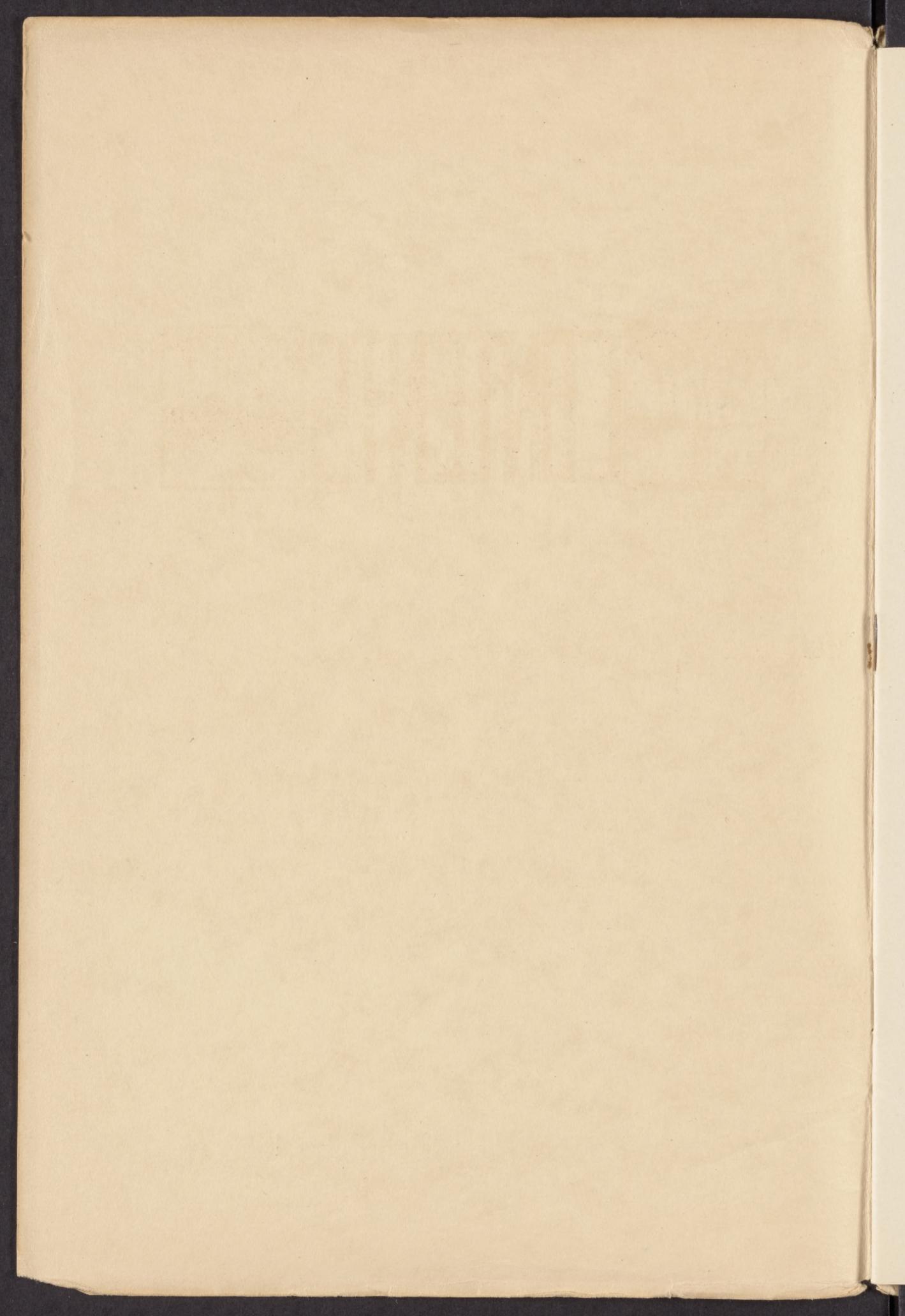


February 1913

The ECHO



Santa Rosa High School
FEBRUARY, 1913



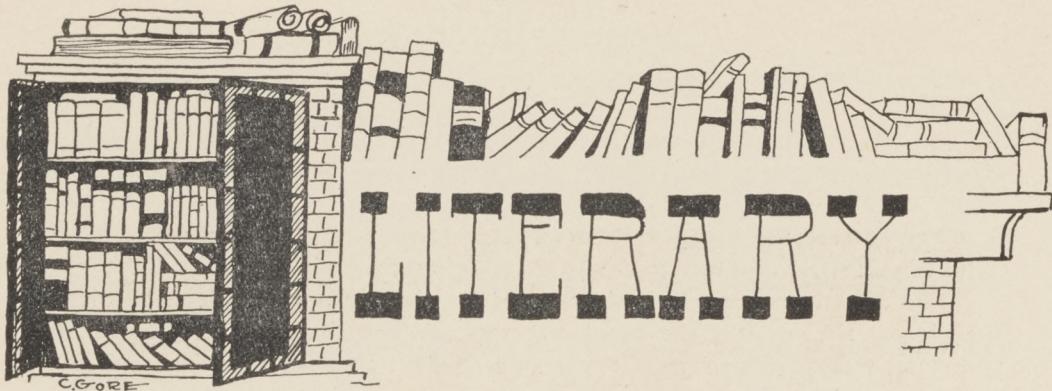


CONTENTS

G. Oka

	Page
Cover Design	
C. Gore	
Frontispiece	2
G. Oka	
The Prince and the Priest.....	3
Freymann Coleman	
A Slight Surprise	5
Mildred Thompson	
Editorials	7
Athletics	8
School Notes	10
Governing Board Report.....	11
Exchanges	12
Jokes	13
Ads.	21



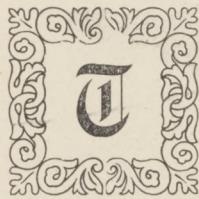


VOL. V.

SANTA ROSA, FEBRUARY, 1913

No. 6

The Prince and The Priest



HE citizens of Aldengart looked with great pride and reverence upon the great golden bells in the church tower. No one knew the age of the wonderful bells for the ancient records merely stated that they were the gift of some forgotten patriot. They had never been known to fail to ring as long as the tower stood, unless someone purposely disabled them. The people held an annual celebration in honor of these bells. Even in the courts they used, instead of the bible, the bells to take oaths.

Therefore, one morning, the people were amazed and thrown into consternation when they learned that the bells would not ring.

At first they would not believe the sad news, but soon, when it had been found to be true, they were seized with grief and fear. The streets soon filled with alarmed people, and the Duke of the city rose and addressed them:

"Fellow Citizens," he said, "a great misfortune has come to us, for our faithful bells have failed to ring. Our city has reached a crisis in its history. Though we are extremely grieved"—

A great wail rose from the grief-stricken, simple people. The Duke then continued:

"There must be some reason for the bells refusing to ring. They would never stop on their own accord. Someone has stopped the bells, and no effort will be spared to bring the perpetrator to justice!"

Loud cries of anger at the unknown person, and of approval at the words followed. Then the Duke passed to the large door leading to the tower.

"I think," said one of them, "that some enemy has done this; the people of Holburg are envious of our fame and are continually plotting against us."

"No one could pass by me!" shouted old Peter, the care-taker, "I have watched faithfully!" The old man trembled at the thought.

"Be careful," warned the Duke, "and report to me as soon as possible."

No one worked that day; no one cared to do anything. No one thought of climbing into the belfry and finding out the cause of the misfortune. All day they speculated and formed opinions, but without result.

In the evening the people assembled in the public square to listen to the Duke. A pale moon cast its rays on their bared heads. In this attitude a

THE ECHO

stranger found them. He had come out of a side street and had joined the crowd.

He was a tall, young man with an intellectual face and a high forehead. His hair was flaxen and his soldier-like carriage gave him a dignified appearance. Leaning on his sword, he listened to the speech. He heard, "Never has a citizen entered the belfry, but someone must go now, for duty demands it. Who of you will volunteer to climb the stairs and search the belfry?"

The crowd drew back at the words, for they held it sacrilege to enter the place. No one but the care-taker was allowed that privilege, but that poor man was unable to go. It was soon evident that no one wished to go.

After a short time, someone was seen approaching the platform. Surely he was some messenger. They became silent as they saw him kneel before their ruler, and heard him, in answer to the question, "Who are you?" say:

"I am Jules Wilhelm, nephew of the emperor."

"Our city is honored by your presence, Prince, for your father is well known by my people. Can you help us in our present trouble?"

I came here by chance, and hearing you speak, would like to enter the belfry."

The Duke was replying, when suddenly a great thrill of fear seized the people, for the bells had started ringing—ringing as no citizen had ever heard. Terrified, the people rushed to their homes, locking themselves in.

One figure, that of the young man, was seen. He went over to the stairs, opened the door and walked in. The people perceiving his valor, returned to the streets.

Meanwhile, the young man, climbing cautiously, had reached the top of the stairs, had opened the iron door, and had entered the belfry. Standing near the door he tried to see some cause for the disturbance, and presently felt that he was not alone. Grasping his sword more firmly, he advanced a few steps and saw before him, an indistinct figure. In even, tense tones, the figure spoke:

"Prince Jules, go back to the people and tell them the monks have entered by a secret passage and have destroyed the bells. Look!" and he showed him the remains of the once grand bells. "Tell them we have stopped their idolatrous worship. Never more will the bells ring out to the people."

Rushing down the stairs, the Prince appeared before the waiting crowd. Shouting the news to the people, he ran for his horse and quickly rode away.

With a cry of rage the citizens sprang up the stairs with lighted swords and drawn weapons. However, they were stopped by the sight of the peaceful, black-robed figure, carrying a crucifix.

"Why are you in such a haste, wretched people?" asked the figure. "Go back to your homes and think over your punishment!"

The people, strangely under the influence of the stern man, shrank back, returning to their now joyless homes.

* * * * *

The months quickly passed, and in the spring the young man with his powerful father, returned. They crushed the despotic monks and gave a new tower and new bells to the people. These bells were revered by the simple people because they knew and respected the giver, so much.

A Slight Surprise



"OOD BYE, girls! We will be back tomorrow; don't forget to feed the cat," called Mrs. West, as the train pulled slowly out of the little country village. "Good-bye," answered the two girls on the platform, then turning slowly, they walked back toward the village.

Mary and Ruth, with their baby sister, had been left in charge of their home, while their parents went to the neighboring village to attend a funeral.

"Whatever would we do if a burglar should get in while we are alone?" asked Mary.

"Oh!" gasped Ruth, "do you think there is any danger?"

"I don't know, but—Listen, Ruth, I have an idea. I read a book the other day, about some people who thought a burglar was coming, so they put tubs of water, and bells all over, and laid fly-paper on the stairs to catch him. Suppose we try that?"

"Fine!" answered Ruth. "If he should fall into a tub of water, then onto a lot of fly-paper, I guess he would think some other place more comfortable. Let's get to work."

The result of two hours' work would have driven the bravest thief from the premises. Cow-bells were tied to every door; a tub of water placed at the foot of the stairs; a pile of pans at the top, not to mention quantities of fly-paper placed at intervals, and rolling-pins, fruit-knives and bean-shooters, placed under the bed, ready for use.

At nine o'clock a ghostly procession might have been seen going up the back stairs. Mary was ahead, the baby under one arm, the cat under the other, and a bag of silver spoons tied to her wrist. Ruth guarded the rear, with a pen-knife in one hand and a potato-masher in the other.

Secure in the knowledge that everything was burglar-proof, the two girls were soon sound asleep. About midnight they were awakened by a violent ringing of the cowbell on the front door. As they listened, terrified, they heard a loud splash, followed by a scream. A few minutes later, a smothered ejaculation and a ripping sound, announced that the intruder had come in contact with the fly-paper.

"Oh! they are coming up," panted the terror-stricken Ruth, clutching the baby, while Mary grasped a rolling-pin.

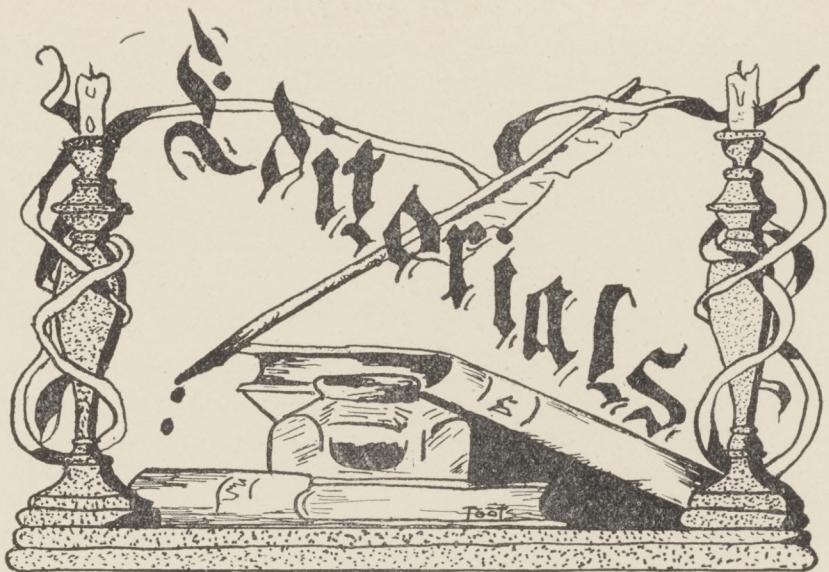
When the pans at the top of the stairs fell with a crash, the panic-stricken girls, clutching the infant, sprang out of the window onto the roof.

"Do you think he will come out here?" chattered Mary, as they crouched behind the chimney.

For answer, they heard a step on the roof, and Mary, with a scream, gave a flying leap off the roof into a pansy-bed. Since the roof was low, she was unhurt. She looked up, expecting to see Ruth follow her example.

What was her astonishment when she saw Ruth standing in the moonlight, on the roof, staring toward the window, with an expression of utmost amazement on her face.

Ruth had cause to be surprised, for, just as she was about to follow Mary, something caused her to look back. After one glance, she stood still with amazement, for there by the window, with an expression on her face impossible to describe, stood her aunt.



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Oka Genzaboro.....	Art Staff	Douglas Cameron.....Debating
		Viola Lockhart.....Alumni
		Arthur Farnlof...
		Harry Luce.....
		West Mallory....} Asst. Bus. Manager

My Creed

As a loyal member of the Santa Rosa High School, I will not deface school property in any manner; nor will I allow others to do so in my presence without a protest on my part.

I will be respectful to teachers and visitors.

I will do no act which might cast suspicion or misconduct upon my fellows.

I will not help myself to the property of others.

We believe that this High School should have a well-defined purpose and spirit directing the course of the student body.

And we believe that such spirit should be such that it will promote co-operation and efficiency along those lines for which this school is maintained.

This school is maintained primarily for the purpose of making good citizens; secondly, for the attainment of knowledge.

The quantity of knowledge gained by each pupil is his individual loss or gain, but the reputation of the school depends on the collective acts of the student body.

The acts enumerated above influence to a very large degree the well-being of this school. Therefore we believe that all students who are proud of Santa Rosa High School will join with us in living up to the Creed above.

We are now using one of the finest buildings devoted to school purpose in the State of California. Our parents have paid for it. It is our building, built for us. Let us unite in keeping it in its present spotless condition. Let us leave our names off the furniture and our class numerals off the walls. And Let Us See That No One in Any Manner Defaces This Excellent Structure.



TRACK

Captain Lawrence Chapman with the aid of Coach Steele, will have a winning team in the field. The completion of the gymnasium will make it possible to put the team in the pink of condition. In order that the best results may be obtained, it is necessary that as many as possible train. The captain is desirous that all Freshmen get out.

Among the veterans are: Lloyd Wilkinson, a star miler; Gore, Russells and Mills, in the hurdles; Ned Larimer, in the broad jump, and Clif Merrit, the weight man. Let us all do our part in getting up a team of which the school will be proud.

BASEBALL

The prospects for baseball are unusually promising this spring. We have an abundance of good material and more interest than has been evinced in the sport for years. Every indication points to a successful season.

Several snappy preliminary games have been held prior to the tryout for the team. There are three or four candidates for each position and some lively competition will result. The players are keeping themselves in good trim by constant practice in the school yard, where the old discarded hand-ball courts are doing good service as back-stops.

Among the fans baseball gossip fills the air, while rumors of dark horses, speed marvels and south-paws keep us on the edge of nervous prostration with excitement.

THE ECHO

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Girls! Stop! and fill your lungs with fresh air and school spirit for this semester. With the opening of this school year let us start with determination to have the best team possible. We had a good team last semester, but we hope by the aid of several old players who are coming back, and other material found among us, to have the most successful team that the school has ever had. But we cannot accomplish this with the indifference and lack of interest now shown toward basketball. There is any amount of material among us, and it is hoped that they will readily take hold. It is up to each of us whether we will put the knowledge we have into practice or just remain quiescent sponges soaking in all the good that comes our way.

Although we are not in any league this semester, by getting in good shape, we can play some city teams. Mr. Allen has agreed to coach the girls if enough interest is shown in the game. Basketball has reached its crisis; and now, girls, is your chance to show your school spirit. By your action it will be seen whether or not you want a team.

Girls! let us have a team of which we can well be proud. By working together we can achieve the best of results. Above all, boost; don't knock.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT

(Published through the courtesy of the Athletic Editor)

Considering myself somewhat of an authority upon the subject of handball, I read with disfavor your recent treatise on the game.

Since its introduction into this school, handball has not only been the source of the greatest social pleasure to me but has contributed greatly to my physical well-being. For this reason I write in defense of the game, believing that I state the views of the handball players as a whole.

We are all more or less foolish at times. You cannot blame us if we make handball our hobby or our fad, as you say no one is immune. Who knows but that you yourself Mr. Athletic Editor may yet fall a victim to the craze?

The following statements are supported by a prominent member of the faculty:

I understand that the high school basement is reserved for the playing of handball. It is to be used for this purpose alone. Quiet, orderly pupils, who do not interfere with the players, are allowed the privilege of eating here; nothing more.

It is true that courts have been built for us in the yard; we have found it impossible to use them during rainy weather; we do not believe that we are an inconvenience to anyone. Basketball has a hall of its own. There are no other indoor sports worthy of mention. In fact, all others include rowdiness and rough-housing. Take for example, conditions during the last few weeks: The school has been terrorized by the so-called Tolonsi singers—those unruly Sophomores who disturb the quiet of our school with weird, unmusical cries. Again, take for consideration the sign-painters, the midnight prowlers who besmeared our court with strange words and figures. Are these those clean, manly sports of which you spoke so much?

Owing to the illness of Mrs. Mills, the school has been able to arrange but one program this month. This one, given January 31st, consisted of the Christmas graduates' class-day exercises, together with several numbers by members of the student body. It was as follows:

Selection, "Old Fashioned Roses"	Orchestra
Piano solo, "Blumenstuck"	Margaret Forsyth
Last Will and Testament of the Christmas Class of '12.....	Esther Gilkey
Vocal solo, "A Perfect Day".....	Helen Fraser
Mrs. Mills, accompanist	
Violin selections, "Pizzicato," "Kiawiak" (encore).....	Arthur Farnlof
Mrs. Mills, accompanist	
Prophecy of the Christmas Class	Gladys Berry
Vocal solo, "Absent," "Grey Days" (encore).....	Ruth Hill
Mrs. Mills, accompanist	
Mandolin selections, "Melody in F" "College Medley" (encore).....	Margaret Hatch
Dagney Juell, accompanist	
Vocal solos, "Out on the Deep," "Bowl of Roses" (encore).....	Mr. Allen
Mrs. Mills, accompanist	

The Girls' Glee Club, under the careful training of Mrs. Mills, is working hard. The members have planned to take up a wider course of study and training during the spring semester, devoting part of their time to a study of the lives of the great composers. The club hopes to see many new members join in the work for the coming term.

Alumni

What Became of the Class of June, '09

Ada Cline, Helen Johnson, Serena Maddux and Galen Lee are attending the University of California.

- Ruth Hall is assistant librarian here.
- Hilda Lawrence teaches in Hearne school.
- Georgia Purcell and Linda Tomasi teach in Lewis district.
- Bernice Knight is employed in the courthouse.
- Violet Lane teaches in Rincon school.
- Tom Proctor is in the insurance business here.
- Ovid Tuttle is attending the dental college at University of California.
- Mildred Peterson teaches near Sonta Rosa.
- Ruth Smyth is teaching here.
- Allen Lane is studying music in San Francisco.

Governing Board Report

January 8, 1913—A special session was held. Officers for the spring term were nominated as follows:

President—Ruth Dickson, Clarendon Anderson.

First Vice-President—Roy Mills, Guy Chapman.

Second Vice-President—Frances Ahl, Dagney Juell, Ethel Helman, Helen Nagle.

Secretary—Norman McPeak, Earl Covey.

Editor—Ruth Wright, Sterling Coulter, Raegen Talbot.

Debating Representative—Douglas Cameron, Edward Koford, Grace Titus.

Yell Leader—John Mitchell, Frank Spooncer.

January 15—A regular session of the Governing Board was held. The boys' basketball team was granted permission to play the Forestville team, the expenses to be \$3.50. Lawrence Chapman then read the minutes of the meeting held by the representatives of the S. N. S. C. A. L. League. Mr. Montgomery's proposition, whereby the Governing Board shall have control of the payment for damages to school property, was read and accepted. The president was given power to appoint an election committee. The resolution is as follows:

Whereas, it is the desire of the Governing Board of the Associated Students to promote among the students a feeling of responsibility for school property and a spirit of co-operation for the good of the school, and

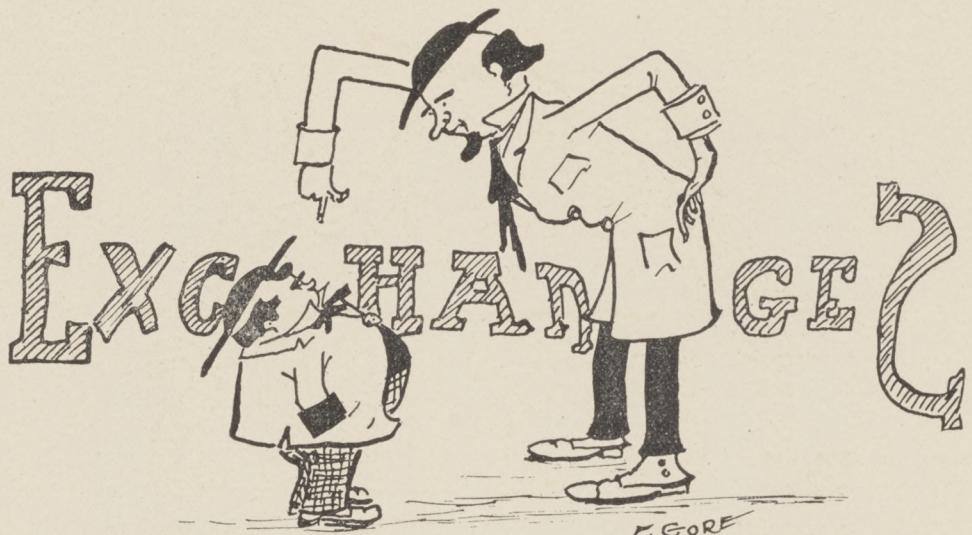
Whereas, breakage and damage to school property occur occasionally, either as a result of school activities or through carelessness of individual students;

Resolved, that the Governing Board will use its best efforts to prevent such damages and breakages and will see that they are made good, either by requiring payment of the student responsible or by authorizing the treasurer to pay for the same from the funds belonging to the Associated Students; and that for the purpose of enforcing these provisions the president is authorized, and it is hereby made his duty to appoint a committee of five, whose duty it shall be to investigate all breakages or damages and report its findings and recommendations to the Governing Board.

February 5—A special session was held. A bill amounting to \$6.00 was granted to Lawrence Crane for basketball.

Guy Chapman's resignation as baseball manager was read and accepted. Maroni was elected as manager. \$2.50 was granted to purchase two baseballs.

At the general election of officers for the spring term, those elected were: President, C. Anderson; First Vice-President, G. Chapman; Second Vice-President, Helen Nagle; Secretary, C. Covey; Editor, R. Talbot; Debating, D. Cameron; Yell Leader, J. Mitchell.



Although fewer in number than usual, the exchanges received during the month of January are of high grade, both in appearance and from a literary standpoint.

By our criticisms, we wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following papers, and beg that they do not discontinue their correspondence with us:

The Cardinal, Milwaukee, Wis., Jan., '13: Your material and arrangement are good. However, by confining your ads. to the back, and by adding a table of contents, your appearance would be improved. Your cover design is appropriate and artistic, and the article on "The Value of Remaining in High School," is splendid. You have the appearance of a wideawake school.

The Toltec, Durango, Colorado, Jan., '13: You have good, but poorly arranged material. Editorials should follow the literary department. The ads. in the front detract from your appearance. Ask the "Yucca" about our exchange cut.

A small, though neat exchange is the **Columbia Collegian**, Milton, Oregon, Dec., '12.

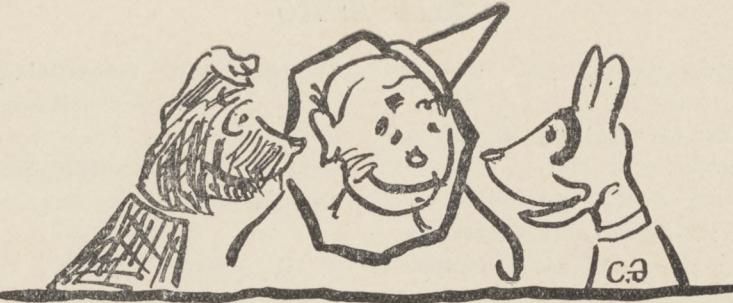
The Red and Black, Tampa, Fla., Dec., '12: Why not keep the ads. in the back of the book? A table of contents is lacking. Your literary department is good.

The Campbell Union High School should be proud of **The Oriole**, Dec., '12. The material is very much above the average and the cuts are excellent.

A new exchange, **The Student Press**, Blackfoot, Idaho: You use too much slang throughout your paper, and seem to place jokes above all else. Why not establish a literary department? It would improve your paper wonderfully. Glad to meet you. Come again.

The Blue Owl, Attleborough, Mass., Dec., '12: Your arrangement is poor. The literary department should precede the editorials and the exchanges should come before the joshes. "A Few Acres" is a good story.

The Comet, Jan., '13: Your literary department is fine, and your cuts are very clever and artistic, but why do you spoil your appearance with those ads. in the front?



JOSHES

Allen's Hat

(Tune, "Old Oaken Bucket")
 The old college hat,
 The old Senior hat,
 The old broad-brimmed hat
 That hangs on his head.
 First it was grand-dads
 And then it was father's,
 Then brother got it,
 And now it is **ALLEN'S.**

* * * * *

Tires and Tyre

"What happened to Bablyon?" asked Miss Wylie of Cary P. (Freshman), in Ancient History. "It fell," he replied. "And what became of Ninevah?" "It was destroyed." And what of Tyre? "It was punctured!"

* * * * *

Some Sailor

Weslew (Freshie)—This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat.

Mama—Why, dear?

Wesley—Because the book says, "Having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest."

* * * * *

Lloyd S. (Freshman)—How do you catch a squirrel?

Frank A. (wise Sohp.)—Go up a tree and talk nutty to him.

The Only Real Attraction

(Tune: "The Old Family Tooth-brush.") Ded. to Clara King by A. Meese.)

The all-star attraction,
 The all-star attraction,
 The only real attraction
 Of our Chemistry class.

First, she was Abe's,
 And then she was Doughnut's;
 Now Wallace can have her,
 And then she'll be mine.

* * * * *

Mr. Brush (leaning over the staircase in his night-gown)—Dorothy.

Dorothy (below)—Yes, papa.

Mr. Brush—Just tell that young gentleman in the parlor if he's waiting for the morning paper he can get it quicker down town.

* * * * *

Eva H.—Was your love affair romantic?

Lola B.—Oh, very; I met Jesse at the seashore; we both pretended to be very rich.

Eva H.—Yes, yes.

Lola B.—And now it turns out that he collects the payments on our piano!

THE ECHO

He—Would you like a pet poodle?

She—Oh! Mr. Nathenson, this is so sudden.

* * * * *

Elvira P.—Good thing Methusaleh was a man, and not a woman.

Minnie T.—Why?

E. P.—Well, if he had been a woman we would have never known how old she really was.

* * * * *

The Freshiees all in Heav'n will be seen,
Because, to burn, they were too green.

* * * * *

“Oh! ma,” exclaimed the daughter of the condidate, “I just saw papa kissing the cook!”

“That's all right, dear; he is acting as my manager, and I want her vote in the election today.”

* * * * *

“You advertise to make people look ten years younger in sixty minutes,” said Dorothy C., as she entered the beauty parlor.

“Yes, ma'am,” replied the specialist, “what can I do for you?”

“How much would you charge for a six-day treatment?”

* * * * *

When a woman in a law court was asked her age, she said she was thirty-five. The judge looked at her and said: “When you were here two years ago you said that you were thirty-five. How dou you account for that?”

The woman haughtily replied: “I am not a woman who says one thing at one time and something else at another!”

—Ex.

Miss Crane (impatiently)—Guy, what do you keep looking at Clara for?

Guy C. (innocently)—She is good to look at.

* * * * *

Mr. Steele (Hist. IV.)—Mr. Chapman, what are the duties of the Secretary of State?

Lawrence C.—Why, he sits at the right-hand of the President.

* * * * *

Miss Walott (Phys. Geo.)—Marion, where is the North Pole?

Marion M. (Freshie)—At the top of the map.

* * * * *

Torture

Mr. Allen—Talbot, did your mother or your father punish you when you were young?

Raegen—Both!

Gerald A.—How did your father punish you?

Raegen—He used to sing to me!

* * * * *

The Easiest Way

Gwen. O.—After I wash my face I look in the mirror to see if it's clean. Don't you?

Roger O.—Don't have to. I look at the towel.

Her Father—Do you think you can support her?

Donald P. (blushing)—Yes, sir; I've tried it already.

* * * * *

A coy little damsel of Smith,
Was a nymph of a latter-day myth;
She's shun all caresses,
And lisping her “s's”,
Say, “Thir! Thuffrageth theldon kith!”

THE ECHO

Dagny J.—Where is she going this summer?

Helen G.—To one of the seaside resorts, I guess; I heard her say to a friend that she had nothing to wear.

* * * * *

Ruth A.—I wonder where those clouds are going?

Emily R.—They are going to thunder.

* * * * *

Donald S.—What became of the hole I saw in your trousers?

Tub D.—It's worn out.

* * * * *

A respectable widow desires washing.

* * * * *

Stew Rogers—Have you read my last poem?

Cliff Merritt—I trust that I have.

* * * * *

C. Peterson—What's the matter with that pie?

Merrit—Tain't fit for a pig to eat; and I ain't goin' to eat it.

* * * * *

They had their first quarrel. She had accused him of going to a theater with another girl.

"What do you take me for?" Arthur demanded, angrily.

"Why, for better or for worse," replied Grace.

* * * * *

Mrs. Youngbride (at the baker's)—The holes in these doughnuts are very large; you ought to make some reduction.

Baker—I'll allow you one cent each for the holes, if you'll return them.

Freyman C.—My sister must be able to see in the dark.

Chas. C.—Why so?

F. C.—The other night when she was sitting in the parlor with a young man I heard her tell him he hadn't shaved!

* * * * *

Norman McN.—I am a self-made man, I am.

L. Chapman—Well, there is one thing you needn't worry about.

N.—What's that?

L. C.—About taking out a patent.

* * * * *

Helen F.—What would you give for a voice like mine?

Beryl LeB.—Chloroform!

* * * * *

Helen F. (trying to think of the word mistletoe)—Kiss—kiss—kis-sletoe.

* * * * *

Erle had gotten in the habit of saying, "Darn it!" Naturally, Mrs. Rogers did not approve of it.

Mrs. R.—Sweetheart, here is ten cents, if you will promise never to say "Darn it" again.

Erle R.—All right, Ma; but say, I know a word worth fifty cents!

* * * * *

Hazel R.—Gladys D. seems like a reserved girl.

Helen N.—Yes—I wonder who for?

* * * * *

Jesse L.—Gee! but I had a swell dream last night.

Freyman C.—What was it?

Jesse—I dreamed that I had the editor of The Echo on the operating table!

THE ECHO

Associate Editor—Here's a story about a policeman reaching headquarters with two drunks over his shoulders. What kind of a title shall I give it?

Talbot—"Policeman Wears a Pair of Tights Around His Neck," will do.

* * * * *

Tillie B.—When the judge asked you how old you were, what did you say?

Ruth D.—I told him if he were a good judge he wouldn't ask.

* * * * *

During his first visit to a farm, little Willie came into the house crying.

"What is the matter?" asked his mother.

"I went out to see the cows and they didn't give anything but milk."

"What did you expect?" inquired the mother.

"I'm not sure, but—where does beef-tea come from?"

* * * * *

Roy M.—Say, Bill, do you approve of automobiles?

Wm. Morrow—Sure! didn't I make over fifty dollars haulin' 'em out of mud-holes last winter?

* * * * *

There was a fire in a hosiery department, but D. C. would not leave until she put on a beautiful pair of silk socks.

* * * * *

Ruth Dickson—Roy and I have parted forever.

Mildred W.—Good Gracious! What does that mean?

R. D.—Means that I'll get a five-pound box of candy in about an hour.

C. Anderson—if I should kiss you, what would happen?

M. W.—I should call father.

C. Anderson—Then, I won't do it.

M. W.—But father's in Europe.

* * * * *

Miss W.—Herr McPeak, what does "aufranchen" mean?

McPeak—to evaporate.

Miss W.—That is right; now give its parts.

McPeak—"Auf" means up, and "inch'en" means to smoke, and "aufranchen" means to smoke up.

* * * * *

Epitaphs—Hugh Watson

Here rests his soul on angel's leaning;

He died from the effects of too much queening.

Lives of Seniors all remind us,

Let us strive to do our best;
And departing leave behind us

Notebooks that will help the rest.

* * * * *

Wanted—A miscrope to find the '14 on the 1914 class pins.

* * * * *

Big Hit

Gladys C.—Ruth Overton thinks that hotel clerk just lovely.

Helen G.—Why so?

Gladys C.—He wrote opposite her name on the hotel register, suite (sweet) 16.

* * * * *

Mary T.—How did you manage to throw straight enough to hit that window?

Barbara D.—I aimed at the wall.

* * * * *

Mildred T.—Yes, I learned to play entirely by ear.

Madge W.—And have you never had an earache?

THE ECHO

Why He Declined

Brown—I understand that Senator Green wanted you to act as his private secretary?

Simmons—He did, but I wouldn't accept the position, because I should have to sign everything, Green per Simmons.

—Ex.

* * * * *

The reason some girls never learn to flirt is they can do it best without learning.

* * * * *

We have the pleasure to announce a new choral club has been established, consisting of Helen M., Gladys D., Merl G., Stuart R., Roy M. and Harold R.

Mildred R. presides at the piano and Leslie Tottman, who is the violinist and chief instructor, having an able assistant in Gladys D.

* * * * *

Vicar—Begin at the bottom and work up, Patrick,—that is the only way.

Parishioner—It can't be done in my business, sir; I'm a well-digger!

—Ex.

* * * * *

Miss O'Meara—How did Belerophon succeed in killing the Chimera? (the fabled monster—part lion, part serpent and part goat.)

Ned L.—He got its goat!

Miss Crane (in Chem.)—The antimony is added so that it expands on contracting.

* * * * *

Miss Wirt—I knew a Chinese once who won a large sum of money in the Chinese laundry (lottery.)

Eleven Thirty-nine A. M.

Stuart R.—You know there was something I wanted to say to you, but it has quite gone out of my mind; I can't remember what it was.

Gladys D. (hopefully)—It wasn't good-night, was it?

* * * * *

Raegen T.—Judge, I am going to make you a present of this pig.

Judge A.—Thanks; it will always be a reminder of you!

* * * * *

Lola—That man over there is staring straight at my nose.

Jesse—Probably he's a reporter.

Lola—And why should a reporter stare at my nose?

Jesse—They are supposed to keep their eyes on everything that turns up, aren't they?

* * * * *

Mr. Allen (in typewriting)—This paper has a mistake on it. You know it does not look neat.

Ruth Hill—But I couldn't help it; I struck the wrong key.

* * * * *

Mr. M.—Why, were you so late this morning?

Hugh W.—It was so foggy I couldn't see the clock.

* * * * *

Student—When did the revival of learning take place?

Crammer—Before the ex's!

* * * * *

M. F.—In the good old days fashionable people used to have hair-trunks.

Gladys D.—Well, I need one now, goodness knows! for my puffs and braids.

THE ECHO

D. W. (first experience at marketing)—Have you any lobsters?

Man in the store—Yes, ma'am; here's a fresh lot.

D. W.—Oh, but haven't you any that are ripe? Those look so green!

* * * * *

There was a young lady, quite rich,
Who heard funny noises, at which
She took off her hat
And found that her rat
Had fallen asleep at the switch.

—Ex.

* * * * *

West M.—Say, do you know where I can get a hair cut?

Windy Winters—Sure!—on your head.

* * * * *

Miss Crane—Lester, I suppose you are working some chemistry problems?

Lester N.—No; I was just trying to figure out why the ink will never flow out of my fountain pen, except when it is standing upright in my white vest-pocket.

* * * * *

Had Never Been There

Bill W.—Say, Jess; are you a good sailor?

Jessie L.—Don't know; I never went out to see (sea).

* * * * *

Judge—The public will miss you now you have left the stage.

Raegen T.—That's why I left; I dislike being hit!



Good News

An eminent mental hygienist recently said: "If you are lacking in brains, you need have no fear of insanity." This should be one consolation to the failing pupils.

* * * * *

First Girl—Dorothy C. never knows what she wants.

Second Girl—Oh yes, she does; but not till she realizes she can't get it."

* * * * *

Mary H.—Do we get a chance to take the test over if we fail?

Miss W.—Not unless you were ill during the test.

Thelma—Well, I was certainly ill.

* * * * *

Miss Wiley (in Hist. I.)—Who was Budha?

Sophie S.—He was a princess.

* * * * *

For Practice

Boots—Pa, I can beat anything in school.

Father—Well, don't worry son; I'll see to it that you'll have plenty of rugs to practice on this summer.

* * * * *

His Specialty

Mr. Martin—Is there anything you can do better than anyone else?

Fred H.—Yes; I kin read my own writing!

* * * * *

* * * * *

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THE ECHO

One on Miss Abeel

Miss Abeel—Why, Jack! Jack! Have you forgotten your pencils again? What would you think of a soldier going to war without a gun?

Jack J.—I'd think he was an officer.

* * * * *

Miss Wylie—Don't you find the Stone Age interesting?

Florence L.—Yes, indeed! George is just at that age now; but it's awfully hard on the windows.

* * * * *

Thrown from her luxurious motor car, the fair girl had lain unconscious for many hours. Now, however the operation was over, and she spoke faintly in the darkened room:

"Yvonne!"

"Yes, Mademoiselle," the maid replied, bending over her.

"Yvonne, tell me: did I or did I not have on my new silk stockings?"

* * * * *

Mr. Allen (Com. Arith.)—If coal is selling at \$6 a ton, and you pay your dealer \$24, how many tons will he bring you?

Dale W. (promptly)—A little over three tons, sir.

Mr. Allen—Why, Dale, that isn't right.

Dale W.—No, sir; I know it ain't, but they all do it.

"These are stirring times," remarked the spoon, as it chased the sugar around the bottom of the coffee-cup.

* * * * *

Gladys—Papa, dear, I feel it in my bones that you are going to buy me a new hat.

Papa H.—Which bone, darling?

Gladys—I am not sure, but I think it's my wish-bone.

* * * * *

Grace S.—I wouldn't marry the best man on earth.

Arthur E.—Have I asked you to?

* * * * *

Norman McP.—I begin to realize that I am no longer a mere youth, now that I have a little hair on my lip.

Mildred T.—Yes; I suppose you will have another in a month or so.

* * * * *

Father—Why is your card marked lower in January than in December?

Juliet—Oh, everything is marked down after the holidays!

* * * * *

Miss Wylie—What was Daniel Webster doing when he made this part of his speech?

Tillie B.—Talking, I think.

* * * * *

Mr. Allen—What is your idea of happiness?

Emily Rued—Nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in.

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THE ECHO

Dorothy C.—I don't see why women shouldn't made as good swimmers as men.

* Olivia S.—Yes; but you see a swimmer must keep his mouth shut!

* * * * *

Miss Smith (Geom.)—You should be ashamed of yourself. Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor!

Guy C.—Yes, ma'am, and at your age he was President of the United States!

* * * * *

In Eng. 12a

Miss O'Meara—What are the kind they call fugitive poets?

Flora B.—I suppose they are the ones whose style is chased.

* * * * *

Botany

Bright Pupil—Where do the trees put their green dresses when winter comes?

Miss Mailer—In their trunks, my dear.

* * * * *

Hugh Watson, Pupil

Gee! I wish I had a history tthat would repeat itself.

* * * * *

Her Pater—Young man, what prospects have you?

Hugh W.—W—why, sir, I've got almost enough cigarette coupons saved up to furnish a flat!

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[Page twenty]

Miss Wylie—Tom, why are you scratching your head?

Tom M.—Because nobody else knows just where it itches.

* * * * *

Physic—What is the difference between lightning and electricity?

Roy M.—Well, you don't have to pay for lightning.

* * * * *

Breathe there a man with soul so dead,

Who, when he falls, has never said
!!!! &" \$ ** !! ?? ! ? !! —————

* * * * *

Miss Wirt—Write each word that you miss, twenty times.

Mildred T.—Can we use carbon paper?

Miss Wirt (absently)—Yes, but I prefer folder paper.

* * * * *

Employer—Young man, I started out as a clerk at 15 shillings a week, and today I own my own business.

Hugh W.—I know, sir; but they have cash registers in all shops nowadays.

* * * * *

Sweet Revenge

Mr. Boyes—It seems to me that I have seen you before.

Prisoner—You have, sir; I gave your daughter piano lessons!

Police Chief—Sixty days at hard labor.

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Mr. Steele (Mod. and Med. Hist.)—Mr. Mitchell, what do you consider the most important event in the city of Paris?

Jack M.—The discovery of America was the making of that town

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Donald S.—Has anything ever
been discovered on Venus? (meaning
the planet.)

R. Heim—Not if the pictures of
her are true.

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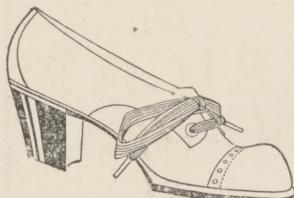
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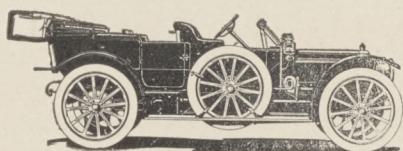
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